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itary officer was smoking a cigar at an open window, and he happened whether intentionally or not, to indulge in the unpardonable crime of

expectoration, at the moment that a tailor of the town was passing with two professional friends. The result was awkward, and the tailor flew

"I'll make him apologise for that, now.—
Come up with me."

"Lieutenant B—, sir. Did you spit upon me just now?"
 "I did, Mr. Tapes, certainly; but——"
 "Oh! you did, sir. Very well, Sir. Good morning, sir. There—I told you I'd make him——"
 "Come along!"

A curious apology (we are vain to recollect these things) was that made by a celebrated gambler, who detected an opponent in the act of cheating. He observed him several times

"If the ace of clubs is *not* under your hand, sir, I have really to beg you a thousand pardons."

The Marquis de V—— was the politest man in France, but they guillotined him nevertheless; for politeness was aristocratic, and opposed the public safety. He apologised about fifty times between the hour of his arrest and of his murder, and both took place between Robespierre's breakfast and lunch. His last moments

He solicited the pardon of a fellow victim for accidentally toting him during their jolting progress on the abominable tumbler; he bowed a whole series of exoruses for mounting the guillotine scaffold before his companion. When he was placed under the fatal groove, his eye fell upon the several heads of some previous sufferers—his natural politeness.

ness remained constant to him—his lips were framing an apology for the hasty manner in which his own head was about to rush down among them, when the knife fell, and silenced the half-uttered "Pardon."

Amusing Incident.

in the following passage from a letter of a writer "down east:"

"Sancroft Panza says, 'Blessed is the man who first invented sleep.' I do not say, *Cursed is the man who first invented straps on pants-poops*; but I do say, 'Blessed is the man that first abolished their use.' In how many awkward predicaments have they not been the cause of placing us! How much more free! how much more comfortable! how much more natu-

al, to dispense with these pulling, knee-irritating monstrosities! Is it not enough that we have 'suspenders,' or 'gallowses,' as our juvenile nomenclature used to have it—and a very suitable name it was, by the way—to bind us down to earth with the pressure of the nightmare, but we must also have upward pressure of the feet—strong, both drawing us together

with the power of twenty horse hydraulic press!
 rebel! For one, I have dispensed with both
 straps and suspenders; and I address you, Mr.
 Knickerbocker, as a man of plain common sense,
 discretion and age, to do likewise! But all this
 is not furthering the object of my writing to
 you 'on the present occasion.' I wish to tell
 you 'conspicuously that another day has come

time since, when coming from Halifax to Boston, on board the packet brig A—. It is all owing to those unhappy straps! One of my fellow-passengers was a fat old lady, who suffered very much from sea-sickness. More than twenty times in the day the old woman would put the good nature of the steward, who was

gipped upon deck, then below again; inasmuch, that they used to call her 'Mrs. Tee-to-tum.'— Sometimes she longed to recline on the deck; but then it was cold, and she had nothing to wrap herself up with. I made myself a great favorite with her by spreading out my Buffalo robe and 'tucking her up' with the cloak. You

ave no doubt been to sea, and are acquainted with the exceedingly easy toilets that gentlemen and ladies generally make (and unmake) on ship board. Following the general practice, usually, in pulling off my tie-for-shames, hung them up to the ceiling of the state-room, opposite the door, with my boots dangling in them. The old lady's berth was immediately opposite

mine; and one morning she woke much earlier than usual, having been piewched from sleeping by certain, 'serious qualms.' The doors of both our state-rooms happened to be wide open, and Mrs. Tee-to-tum, casting her eyes over toward mine, saw a sight which would have made each particular hair to stand on end, if she had any of her own. She shrieked

at the top of her voice: "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Captain! Steward! Mate! Oh, Lord! Oh! Mr. ~~Steward~~ has hung himself! He's dead! he's dead!" Out rush the passengers from every berth, and down tumbled the whole ship's crew; and such another peal of laughter the broad Atlantic never before echoed. And all this was

RANK IN THE ARMY.—*Or a Darkey's digni-*
—After a portion of the troops had lanced on
a bench near Vera Cruz, on the night of the
10th of March, a body of the enemy commenced
brisk fire of small arms into the encampment.

ing the Mexicans would make some demonstration upon our lines during the night, and when the firing commenced, concluded there was to be a general attack. The lines were formed, and not a word could be heard from the soldiers; but there was a negro who kept running from one little point of a hill to

On being asked what he was about, he roared, "I is 'fraid some of dem 'ere copper balls all a stop me drawin' my rashuns." "Why the devil," asked the party speaking to him,

on't you get up and fight them? "No air-ee," said, "that's my massa's part ob de bizness; done been to Wes-pint, where dey makes 'tchin' people to learn dat, and you don't! a ch nigger meddlin' he-sef wid odder people's mess. My massa does de fightin' an' I waits him. If he gets wounded we gets promoted." You get promoted! What good will his pro-

tion do you?" inquired the individual. "Oh
r' hab marcy! dat question is been settled
long time ago in dese parts down here; a color-